

Bishop Whipple, the Apostle to the Indians

It is an unusual circumstance that two of the most famous churchmen of the world should be citizens of a state which eastern people consider remote and all people know is young. These churchmen are Henry Benjamin Whipple, Episcopal bishop, and John Ireland, archbishop of the Roman Catholic church. The state is Minnesota. The two prelates in question, though between their ages is a gap of nearly twenty years, have, in a way, been contemporaries in pioneer church effort in Minnesota and the northwest. Through it all—and here is an object lesson which the members of antagonistic sects may well take home to themselves—they have been and are the warmest of friends, and each is big enough to acknowledge and appreciate the excellent plausibilities of the other. Irreconcilably different as their creeds may be, many are the times that these earnest men have stood shoulder to shoulder fighting for a just and common cause.

Bishop Whipple is unique. No high dignitary of any church in this country, or indeed, the world, has furnished in his work and experiences a parallel to the honored bishop of the North

States. He has passed most of his time in the evangelization of the Sioux, Chippewa and other tribes of Indians, and received from them the name of "Straight Tongue," because he never lied to them. The bishop has been appointed by different presidents of the United States upon important Indian commissions to make treaties with the red men. He is a recognized authority on all phases of the Indian question. His courageous struggle against the iniquitous system carried on by the Indian agents of the government when he stood alone in the fight, his masterly pleas and addresses on the subject, together with his great educational work, make him a figure unique in the history of the last half century.

The Archbishop of Canterbury offered the Minnesota diocese the bishopric of the Sandwich Islands in 1871, which he declined. He has been a trustee of the Peabody fund for educational work in the south since 1872—a body comprising some of the most distinguished men of the country. William M. Everts is the president, having succeeded Robert C. Winthrop. Bishop Whipple and Chief Justice Fuller of the United States supreme court are the vice presidents.

In England, where he is loved and revered, Bishop Whipple has received as to establish themselves as current coin in the realm of "Josh." The bishop's humor is like that of Abraham Lincoln. He is fond of illustrating point and theorem by means of comic stories. Here is one that never before crept into type:

At a time when an outbreak among the Indians seemed probable, and they were defiant and sullen, the bishop said to them:

"I think these Indians have been hunting with their men."

They asked what was meant by the bishop, who replied:

"An Indian and a white man went hunting together and killed a wild turkey and a buzzard. When the time came for dividing the game the white man said: 'I am a good white man and like to be just, and in the division of this game you shall have the first choice. Now, I will have the turkey and you may have the buzzard, or the other way around, if you wish.' The Indian replied: 'It sounds fair, but it's all turkey for white man and all buzzard for Indian.'"

The red men, breaking loose from their wonted demeanor of stoicism, shouted with laughter, and always reminded the bishop of the anecdote when he visited them in later years.

Like so many others who have become famous, Bishop Whipple owes much to his mother. The mother will show one of the pieces of advice from her by which he often profited in after life. When a boy he had defended a smaller bird from the attacks of a bully. He returned home, triumphant, but badly battered. His mother was naturally angry, and said:

"Yes, it is bad," he said, "but, mother, you ought to see the other fellow!"

After hearing his account of the affair, his mother said:

"My dear boy, it is always right to defend the weak and helpless." It was this that made him the "apostle to the Indians," the "straight-tongued" maintainer of their rights, in face of secret and open enemies in the high places of power in the east and in the face of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. He acted upon sentiment of the frontier that the only good Indian is the dead one.

Bishop Whipple has always been passionately fond of fishing, in which he is an expert. One of his Indian friends, having addressed to him a letter people with this tribute to the good bishop:

"And besides all this, my friends, he has a good fishing tackle in his pocket. I know this, for I saw it with my own eyes. I have heard that he caught the largest fish ever caught in the waters of the Great Lakes. I know he could do it."

In his autobiography, "Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate," the bishop said:

"There is nothing that sends such a thrill along an angler's nerves as to feel the tug of a trout on a line, and not even the taking of a tarpon, the silver king of the southern waters."

Once, when offered the privilege of public service ever known in Cuba, he acted as president bishop of the American church, owing to the absence of Bishop Williams of Connecticut, at the last Lambeth conference, 1897, as he has for several years at the church functions in America. In 1899 he was asked by the Church of the Holy Trinity of England to be present at the centenary of the society as the representative of the Episcopal church in America and deliver an address. He received the degrees of D. D. and LL. D. from the universities of Oxford, Cambridge and Durham. He was invited by Queen Victoria to a private interview at Windsor castle, and was awarded the Victoria star, a decoration of the highest order.

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Personality of the Man.

Bishop Whipple, in appearance and bearing, suggests a poet. He is of middle height and slender, his form still erect as an arrow, despite his seventy-eight years, the long hair that streams below the purple skull cap, his always wears being scarcely as gray as fifty years would warrant, his features as delicate as a woman's and classic as the face of Agamemnon, his penetrating, his voice low yet persuasive, his placid front indicates little of the fiery vigor and absolute fearlessness that many a crisis calling for action brave, radical and prompt has shown him to possess.

Bishop Whipple was born in Adams, N. Y., in 1822, and was educated in private schools. He prepared for college, but on account of feeble health, turned his attention to mercantile pursuits and took an active interest in the mercantile business. At one time he was prominent in the state militia, holding a colonelcy. Upon deciding to study for the ministry, he followed a theological course under Rev. Dr. William D. Willson, who was afterward professor in Cornell university. Young Whipple was ordained deacon in Trinity church, Geneva, N. Y., in 1849, and in the following year was ordained priest in Christ church, Sackett's harbor, both by Bishop De Lancey. He received the degree of D. D. from Hobart and Racine colleges. He was called to Zion church, Rome, N. Y., in 1850, and his parish increased so rapidly under his pastorate that he soon built a handsome stone church. He received calls to a number of churches, but he did not feel that a "call from God" had come to him until he received an urgent summons to go to Chicago, surrender his flourishing parish and pleasant home, and, at a smaller salary, start a church for hundreds of young men engaged in business, and for all sorts and conditions of humanity. The success of his work at Chicago, and particularly his influence over men, was all but unhindered. His wonderful power of reaching men by his rare eloquence, his courtesy to all those of other religious faiths, his pure, unselfish life devoted to the whole brotherhood of man, including even convicts, and his untiring zeal for him the love of men of all schools, of all sects and of those of no sect.

His Work in Chicago.

It was Bishop Whipple who established the free church system in Chicago. While there he also devoted much time to the Swedish work. During his residence in Chicago, in 1859, he was by unanimous vote elected to the episcopate, and was consecrated first bishop of Minnesota in St. James church, Richmond, Va. Bishop Kennerly being one of the consecrators. The diocese over which he had been chosen to preside extended over 81,259 square miles.

One of the chief and probably the most enduring of Bishop Whipple's works was the founding of schools at Fairbault, Minn., which have attained a world-wide reputation. He laid the corner stones of the beautiful stone buildings which are now the St. Mary's hall, for girls; Shattuck Military school, for boys; Seabury Divinity school and the Cathedral of the Merciful Savior, at Fairbault, the very first cathedral erected in the United

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SEA SERPENT

But It Was Only a Dead Boa Stuffed With Cork.

ANIMAL DEALER'S TRICK

THE REAL SNAKES ALL DIED ON HIS HANDS.

(New York Sun.)

"Curves is goin'," said the red-headed proprietor, gloomily.

The dark and crowded little animal store buzzed with strange noises of beast and bird. Through them all could be heard the sliding of the great boa's body as he writhed in his cage. Brad, the proprietor, rubbed a disheveled head for ideas, and observed:

"Told you that medicine wouldn't be any good, Jim. No use trying to doctor a snake."

"Well, I guess that's right, too," agreed Jim, who was a stout, middle-aged man, and against it as if it was good for him. I can't never want no contract to give a snake a cork."

"Other folks seem kind o' nervous," said Brad, who always referred to his animals as "folks." "Come-a-seh-n, come-a-leh-n," shrieked the boa, as if he were a human being, and a South African coast, with a negro crew, and the rest of its talk was beyond comprehension.

In an adjoining cage an uncouth variety of Neotropical hedgehog was patrolling a small square of ground. A small snake, about the size of a cat, was crawling from the huge creature in the long cage, and the sense of that passing had been the cause of the hedgehog's shiver, followed by quaking, convulsed and then by a final spasm. The snake, which was a small, sleek, black and white striped animal, slipped and fell back so that the hedgehog could not see it. The snake, which was a small, sleek, black and white striped animal, slipped and fell back so that the hedgehog could not see it.

"Just his luck," mourned the proprietor of the shop. "Shut up, you green-topped devil, or I'll wing your ears with this cane!"

"Only got two weeks ago, and what's he good for now?"

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fully down the length of its extensive spine, waving a mysterious fin in farewell, and was soon sporting in the swiftest part of the current, while the two men bent to their oars and made the nearest point of shore. Pulling in their boat, they ran up upon an elevation and peered down the river. Out in the midst of the darkness there flashed a long, changeable glint of light.

"Oh, ain't he a peach," warbled Jim in glad cadences. "I wish't we had a bunch of science sharps on the shore to see him go."

"It ought to be worth thousands if Jack plays the game right," said Brad soberly, as they gazed at the river.

Riverside boatmen rise early. There's no telling when a job may come along, and the first man is likely to get it. Hence, as nothing unusual for Tidewater Jack to be sitting with his feet over the stern of the broad beamed Aurora Jane and his oars ready to be shipped at a moment's notice. What was unusual, however, was the palpable anxiety with which he turned a strained gaze up the river every few seconds. Some of the other men's block off, and one insolently asked him if he was on the lookout for wreckage. Another wanted to know if Jack had turned up the bluff. This hit near the truth, if the questioner had but known it, for a stiff hunter is one who captures dead birds, and every day he was on the lookout for recreation. In the midst of this airy professional persiflage the object of it leaped into his hands. He had been looking for it for some time, and he was now in the stream, impelled by bending oars. All the others wondered what he was in such a hurry for, but they were not to know the answer. He was up or down stream any explanation. So before he got out of intelligible earshot, his particular chuckle, his hands, and a deep breath, he hallooed:

"Anythin' comin' down, Tidewater?"

Danced on the Seat.

Up rose Jack in his boat and danced a perilous dance upon the seat, waving his hands in wild gesticulation, and uttering something like a snicker from where he was; then bent to his oars again to hold his boat in place. Those ashore, who had seen the like of which they had not seen before, an object that showed only brief glimpses here and there above the waves, of a fish, fowl nor good red herring was that thing according to the experience of the boatmen. Stupid and wondering, they sat until they saw the object swirl against Jack's skillfully directed boat and with bursting amazement beheld him grapple and conquer the monster. Neither fish, fowl nor good red herring was that thing according to the experience of the boatmen. Stupid and wondering, they sat until they saw the object swirl against Jack's skillfully directed boat and with bursting amazement beheld him grapple and conquer the monster.

"Sea serpent! He's got Tidewater!"

In the light of events immediately subsequent that appeared to be a hasty conclusion. Apparently a mighty struggle was in progress out there in the waters, but the boatman was observed to be manipulating ropes and presently appeared on the deck, and the sea serpent having got Tidewater Jack, Tidewater Jack had got the sea serpent. Out put then brave watermen to help, and the monster seemed to be over, but Jack had drifted well down stream and was putting in his best strength at getting him back. To all appearances the monster had been bound and was following peacefully in his wake. Only Jack's particular chuckle, his hands, and a deep breath, he hallooed:

"Anythin' comin' down, Tidewater?"

"Is he dead?" he asked.

"Yep," said Jack. "Head cut clean off."

"Did I do it?"

"Did I do it? Say, what'd you take me fer? This is the real thing in a sea serpent, and there's no other like it. He's an inch, (Jack was giving generous measure.) What would I kill him with a oar?"

"Well, I figure that he must have got mixed up with one of the big ocean snakes. He's a headless cur. Most likely his propeller blade done it."

"What you going to do with him?"

"I'm taking him to the Battery and sell him for enough to buy the rest o' my natural. Go back an' invite the gang to kick themselves on me."

Lost Opportunity Mourned.

Back went the chum to tell the rest of the boatmen, and there was a period of mourning among them. They estimated that Jack could sell his find at \$1,000, and the boatmen were all set off in a body to the Battery to see him do it. Because travel by a rowboat is slow at best and particularly so when one has to dodge ferryboats, not only for one's self, but for a considerable length of snake out behind, the gang, traveling by land, reached the Battery long before Jack appeared in the offing. That gentleman, indeed, very nearly lost his precious tow because of the obstinacy of a tug which cut across his path, and he was obliged to haul the serpent as nearly alongside as possible. Doubtless the boatmen believed that the man in the rowboat to be suffering from alcohol excesses, as all that Jack did was to make rapid gestures and howl information about snakes. However, he reached the Battery eventually, and together with a considerable crowd, captured the only genuine sea serpent that had been witnessed with their own eyes.

Now, at the battery is the headquarters of the ship news reporters, men waited with a skeptical skepticism derived from much hearing of the weird tales of them that go down to the sea. When they were told that the sea serpent had been caught, they yawned wearily and said: "What, again?" and continued to read the newspaper. But when Billy Quigley, the battery boatman, came in to tell them that an unknown man in a rowboat was approaching with some sort of monster, they were all aroused themselves to tow two of them to investigate, while the rest waited on the shore. There was no part of the plans of the contrivers of the prodigy to court investigation, except in advertisements later. Their plan was simple: that Brad should come to the Battery in time to make a large offer to the sea serpent to his captor, who was supposed to be unknown to him; that the offer should be accepted, and the transformed Curves should be towed around to a prearranged place on the East shore, there to be exhibited to a thronging public. Of course, Brad had counted on publicity in the newspapers to give the scheme a start, but the anxiety should get close enough to the wonder to observe the make-up of it meant ruin. This was not beyond the appreciation of Tidewater Jack, who, while Brad snarled his nails on the shore Jack, with minatory oars, warned away the approaching boat. Billy Quigley himself can do more than row with an oar, and at the point where the two boats met there was a swift passage of arms. Then Jack sat down hard in the bottom of his craft, howling that his legs were broken, which was a trifling exaggeration, and Billy paddled along until his passengers were crest, of the wonderful fins. One look was enough.

"Sewed on," said one of the reporters.

"Ordinary South American boy," said the other. "Wonder who cut his head off."

Put Up a Hoax.

"Same man that put up the game, undoubtedly," said the first. He stood up in the boat and took a long look at the eager crowd on shore. A short thick

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set man and a red-headed youth had detached themselves from the crowd and were hastily walking away. "Hey, Harwood, Manniston, some of you fellows," shouted the reporter in the boat to the nearest point of shore. "Stop those two. It's Brad, the animal man. He's put up a hoax. Hold 'em up till we get in."

But Brad and the red-headed assistant had made good their escape in bitterness of heart, for they knew that the game was up. Tidewater Jack, still groaning in his boat and very much fretting at his line. A passing tug set him rolling, in some way the knots that were nothing unusual for Tidewater Jack to be sitting with his feet over the stern of the broad beamed Aurora Jane and his oars ready to be shipped at a moment's notice. What was unusual, however, was the palpable anxiety with which he turned a strained gaze up the river every few seconds. Some of the other men's block off, and one insolently asked him if he was on the lookout for wreckage. Another wanted to know if Jack had turned up the bluff. This hit near the truth, if the questioner had but known it, for a stiff hunter is one who captures dead birds, and every day he was on the lookout for recreation. In the midst of this airy professional persiflage the object of it leaped into his hands. He had been looking for it for some time, and he was now in the stream, impelled by bending oars. All the others wondered what he was in such a hurry for, but they were not to know the answer. He was up or down stream any explanation. So before he got out of intelligible earshot, his particular chuckle, his hands, and a deep breath, he hallooed:

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Lost Opportunity Mourned.

Back went the chum to tell the rest of the boatmen, and there was a period of mourning among them. They estimated that Jack could sell his find at \$1,000, and the boatmen were all set off in a body to the Battery to see him do it. Because travel by a rowboat is slow at best and particularly so when one has to dodge ferryboats, not only for one's self, but for a considerable length of snake out behind, the gang, traveling by land, reached the Battery long before Jack appeared in the offing. That gentleman, indeed, very nearly lost his precious tow because of the obstinacy of a tug which cut across his path, and he was obliged to haul the serpent as nearly alongside as possible. Doubtless the boatmen believed that the man in the rowboat to be suffering from alcohol excesses, as all that Jack did was to make rapid gestures and howl information about snakes. However, he reached the Battery eventually, and together with a considerable crowd, captured the only genuine sea serpent that had been witnessed with their own eyes.

Now, at the battery is the headquarters of the ship news reporters, men waited with a skeptical skepticism derived from much hearing of the weird tales of them that go down to the sea. When they were told that the sea serpent had been caught, they yawned wearily and said: "What, again?" and continued to read the newspaper. But when Billy Quigley, the battery boatman, came in to tell them that an unknown man in a rowboat was approaching with some sort of monster, they were all aroused themselves to tow two of them to investigate, while the rest waited on the shore. There was no part of the plans of the contrivers of the prodigy to court investigation, except in advertisements later. Their plan was simple: that Brad should come to the Battery in time to make a large offer to the sea serpent to his captor, who was supposed to be unknown to him; that the offer should be accepted, and the transformed Curves should be towed around to a prearranged place on the East shore, there to be exhibited to a thronging public. Of course, Brad had counted on publicity in the newspapers to give the scheme a start, but the anxiety should get close enough to the wonder to observe the make-up of it meant ruin. This was not beyond the appreciation of Tidewater Jack, who, while Brad snarled his nails on the shore Jack, with minatory oars, warned away the approaching boat. Billy Quigley himself can do more than row with an oar, and at the point where the two boats met there was a swift passage of arms. Then Jack sat down hard in the bottom of his craft, howling that his legs were broken, which was a trifling exaggeration, and Billy paddled along until his passengers were crest, of the wonderful fins. One look was enough.

"Sewed on," said one of the reporters.

"Ordinary South American boy," said the other. "Wonder who cut his head off."

Put Up a Hoax.

"Same man that put up the game, undoubtedly," said the first. He stood up in the boat and took a long look at the eager crowd on shore. A short thick

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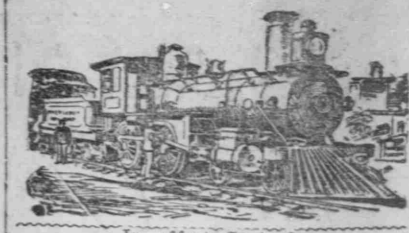
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In effect Sept. 9.

Current

Time Table.

LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and points east. 8:30 a.m.
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east. 8:35 p.m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east. 8:20 p.m.
No. 10—For Brigham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Mt. Pleasant, Marysville and intermediate points. 7:30 a.m.
No. 8—For Provo, Grand Junction and the east. 9:30 a.m.
No. 6—For Provo, Grand Junction and the east. 9:30 p.m.
No. 5—For Ogden and the west. 9:45 a.m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the west. 11:00 p.m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the west. 1:30 p.m.
No. 7—For Ogden and the west. 3:30 p.m.
No. 9—For Ogden and the west. 5:30 p.m.
No. 11—For Ogden and the west.